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THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1871.

Choice Loetry.

THE MEART OF NEW ENGLAND. ODE FOR THANKSGIVING.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

The Heart of New England! How warmly and true,
It heats to the triumphs of order and law—
Bow loves it the precepts the Forefathers drew,
When the land of their rest from the ocean they saw;
When the bleak, barren rock, where the Mayflower came,
Alone was the refuge the wanderers found.
But whose Brea, there kindled, have lif with their flame,
The nations they left, from the desert around.

Then, some of New England! whesever ye stray,
Forget not the precepts of order and law;
But wide as the world the example display,
Your Puritan sires were foremost to draw.

There Liberty walks in her beauty, and smiles
On the villager's toils and the citizen's care,
and with sweet Contentment she daily begulies
The yeomen that drink in her frash mountain air:
There soundeth shoud, from her valleys and hills,
The music of wheels where the bright waters flow;
And her ploughs and her wheels, and her awift, whirling
Have made her in greatness to flourish and grow.

Oh! Heart of New England! How sweet to recall,
In the land of the stranger, the pleasures of home,
Where the songs of the Pügrims still sound in each hall,
The feet of their children deserted to roam.
How dear are the scenes where in childhood they played.
The neat country dwelling, the fair spreading town,
Midst the busile of toil, and the converse of trade,
By the school-house where boyhood began its renown.

The sports of the field, when the studies were o'er,
That waken'd the soul into emulous pride—
The rambirs of school mates by forest and abore,
The whoop in the woods, and the lesp in the tide,
With all the wild pleasures that gladden'd the time,
Around the neat cottage or same looking farm,
Still live in the thoughts of that bright northern clime,
That Virtue has fill'd with a perishless charm.

Brave Heart of New England! whose strength has been Where Freedom demanded a word of a blow—Whose wisest and braves have struggled and died, In battles that marshall'd the mightlest foe: Still in peace or in war, for the came that is true, Thou hast ever a voice and a blade to defend:

Free Heart of New England! Thy throb is the same, To Truth and to Duty, in every aky; And we love to remember thy time-bonor'd name, Too bright in its deeds for the world to decry; And hall thee, invoking, oh! land of the true! Too free to oppress, and two brave to appal, That Error may never that Freedom undo, Which Nature intended for thee and for all.

Select Story.

THE PURITAN OF 1863.

BY MRS. R. D. C. ROBBINS.

lt was in the early part of October, —, that the Rev. Mr. Allan started to walk to Farmer Owspurs of the Green Mountains; and as he climbed to the top of the second, the rich valley of the Otter Creek lay spread out before him. At any other time, he would have stopped to admire its gentle undulations; its great flower garden of forest threads winding their way to the waters of the Champlain; and the glorious Antumn light which lay like a golden mantle over them all. But this afternoon he seemed oppressed by the beauty which surrounded him. He looked upon it with eyes misty from tears. There was a dull, heavy weight upon his heart—a weight which even the long, fervent prayers that he had uttered so unceasingly since noon, had failed to move. Between him and that landscape, we might almost say, between him and the mercy seat, there moved a slight, tall boy, with a langhing blue eye, clustering brown hair, and lips always ready with a merry, pleasant word. To-day, there was Bennie, nutting under the bare, brawny arms of the butteraut tree; throwing his line into the little brooks, that came babbling down from the steep monntain side; driving his cows along the narrow foot-path; standing with Blossom under the brooker's conlition devolved entirely upon her. Twas like a message from the dead. Mr. Ownen could not break the seal for his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan, with the help-monntain side; driving his cows along the narrow foot-path; standing with Blossom under the brooks. Better, "It is from him," was all she said.

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The control of the co

good, wise purpose behind it all. Can you see and Bennie never thought about himself, that he

good, wine purpose behind it all. Can you see it? To bring you nearer the kingdom," said the mider of the control of the contr

He comes! the tardy Winter comes!
I hear his footsteps through the nights!
I hear his vanguard from the heights
March through the pines with muffled dra

His naked feet are on the mead; The grass blades stiffen in his path; No tear for child of earth he hath, No pity for her tender seed!

The bare caks shudder at his breath;
A moment by the stream he stays—
Its melody is mute! A glaze
Creeps o'er its dimples, as of death.

From fettered stream and blackened moor, The city walls he silent nears; The mansions of the rich he fears, He storms the cabins of the poor! The curtained couch, the glowing hearth, The frost-rimed graybeard's power defy; He curses, as he hurries by, And strikes the beggar dead to earth!

For every gleaming hall he spares, A hundred hearthless bovels hold Hearts pulseless, crisp with ice and cold, Watched by a hundred grim Despairs!

The forests grow by His command, Who saith: "He lendeth to the Lord, Who giveth to the poor!" Your hoard Is His! Ye stewards of the land!

COURTING IN RESEASE A.

Effect of a Beareity of Single Women. A Nebraska correspondent of the Syracuse Stan-lard writes as follows:

"There is a lack of woman's nursing. There is dearth of woman's tears."

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There is dearth of woman's tears."

Certainly not because they are unnecessary in this Western region, but the fact is, the women are scarce and the men are plenty. In market phrase, the woman "demand far exceeds the supply." Those inexorable laws of supply and demand, about which political and other economists delight to talk, have not yet corrected this acid question. A heavy dose of girls, none of your homeopathic prescriptions, is what Nebraska needs, and the stomaths of her young men will always remain sour until the supply comes. You have no idea East how anxious young men in this region are to marry. In the words of a prairie farmer, courtin's hot.

The poor man is passing through a bitter experience. A party of us were duck-hunting the other day on the Missouri bottoms. Night overtook us before we were aware of it, and we were obliged to seek lodging at the first dwelling we could find. It was a small one-story structure of three rooms, and occupied by a family of six—father, mother, daughter, and three sons. The sons were all unmarried, and from the calls that were made afterward we judge the daughter was unmarried also. We hadn't been in the house five minutes when some kind of a vehicle drove up, and two young men were ushered into the parlor. Straightway the mother and daughter held a whispered consultation, which closed with an ivitation to the straigners had been to tea, as they staid

young men were unhered into the parior. Straightway the mother and daughter held a whisperrel consultation, which closed with an ivitation to the sitting room for supper. It was evident the young men callers had been to tea, as they staid in the parlor with "sweet sixteen."

Scarcely had we taken our seats at the table when a howl from the degs out doors announced another comer. He seemed to avoid the front door, and knocked at that where our party was just sitting to supper. The mother rose to answer the summons, when we were surprised by the daughter opening the parlor door and rushing forward wish, "Don't get up, mother! It's one of my fellows! Come in, Jim; how do you do!"

And Jim entered in response to the cheery salutation. He made himself as comfortable as possible till he had finished supper, when another whispered consultation proved that the "parlor is full as it ort to be," whispered by Miss in response to some motherly suggestion. The old gentleman solved the question by inviting us into the kitchen to smoke. It was evident that Jim didn't smoke, for he remained in the sitting room. We should have doubtless enjoyed a quiet cigar, had not the old lady opened the back door, and shouted at the top of her voice: "Come round here to the back door!"

It was another young man, and we fancied he looked as if he had come in rather late. Two young men within the parlor, one sin the sitting room, and one in the kitchen. What should be done! The courting business was getting ho! There was another talk between mother and daughter. It was evident their devices had been exhausted. The old gentleman was called into the corner. He settled the question with a whisper: "I'll be d—d if I'll move again till the settin' room's full."

Into the sitting room went number four, and we smoked. It was full ten minutes before the

tin' room's full!"

Into the sitting room went number four, and we smoked. It was full ten minutes before the next disturbers came, and they entered the kitchen with the air of old acquaintances. We looked anxiously at the host. Taking his pipe from his mouth, a single sentence releived us:

"Them's the widowers. Stick!"

And we "stuck" and smoked on. For the next half hour the girl must have been kept busy. The widowers had certainly a third of her time. It was 9 o'clock. We wished to go to bed, and the only bed we had discovered was in the parlor. The old gentleman had divined our wishes, and said:

said:
"I'm sorry, gentlemen! But this is one of the regular courtin' nights! Them two fellers in the paclor never leave afore midnight, and the widowers allus stay all night. And that sin't the worst of it. Dan'll be here at 10 a'clock! I and the boys allus sleep in the haystack Friday nights. Yer welcome to that!"

MY BIRTH-DAY.

Beneath the morelight and the snew, Lies dead my latest year: The Winter winds are walling low Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the mouning wind As if a loss befell;

His light shines on me from above His low voice speaks within— The patience of immertal love Outweavying mortal etc. Not mindless of the growing years Of care and loss and pain, My eyes are wet with thankful tears For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown, I will not count it dress, Nor turn from treasures still my own, To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature take; As aweet her voices call, As beautiful her mornings break, As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways, Kind voices speak my name, And lips that flud it hard to praise, Are slow, at least, to blame. How softly ebb the tides of will!
How fields, once lost or won, .
Now lie behind me, green and still,
Beneath a level san!

How hushed the hist of party hate, The clamor of the throng! How old, harsh voices of debate Flow into rhythmic song!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows Too seft in this still sir; Somewhat the restful heart foregoes Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed, May founder in the calm. And he who braved the polar frost, Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years, The outflung heart of youth: Than pleasant sengs in idle ears, The tunuit of the truth. Rest for the weary hands is good, And love for hearts that pine; Bot let the manly habitude Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from beaven refresh, Dear Lord, the languid air; And let the weakness of the flesh Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fall of light, The ear forget to hear. Make clearer still the spirit's sight, More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need, To soothe, or cheer, or warn, And down these alopes of sumset lead, As up the hills of morn!

LEGISLATIVE PUBITY. What was done to Preserve the Purity of Leg-islation in 1896.

In 1826, Jasper Ward, Senator from the County of Westchester, was charged with having been bribed to vote for a bank charter. A committe of investigation was appointed. At the conclusion of the investigation several of General Wards colleagnes, believing that the testimony against him did not call for his expulsion, avowed their readiness to sustain him; but they at the same time said to General Ward that their efforts would be wholly may allign if the Chairman of the comtime said to General Ward that their efforts would be wholly unavailing if the Chairman of the com-mittee (Silas Wright) should report against him. General Ward, therefore, made a strong appeal to Mr. Wright, his personal and political friend. Mr. Wright, after listening attentively to all the ac-cused Senator could say, remarked that he had carefully examined and weighed the testimony in all its aspects and bearings, anxiously hoping to reach a conclusion in which his sense of public duty would not conflict with his personal feelings. He added that were he sitting as a indge or inver-

THE NORTH POLE.

Dr. Petermann's Account of the German Expedition, and Discovery of the Open Sea.

You will recollect that the first impetus to the present polar explorations was given by the proposition of Capt. Osborn, R. N., seven years ago, for a British expedition for exploring the central Arctic region, to proceed by way of Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound, which was most earnestly advocated by the seagoing and scientific authorities of Great Britain, and was in a fair way of being entertained by the British government; but advocated by the scagoing and scientific authorities of Great Britain, and was in a fair way of being entertained by the British government; but when I placed my views and projects before the latter, recommending the sea between East Greenland and Nova Zembla as the basis of Arctic expeditions, Capt. Oaborn's project was, after an exhausting discussion in four sittings of the Royal Society of London, rejected, and to my view the fullest approbation accorded. Nothing, however, has since been done by the English, while Germany, through the generous contributions of her citizens, sent into these two fields two national expelitions under Capt. Koldewey, and, in addition, extensive explorations were made in the direction indicated by Dr. Dorst and Dr. Bressels in Rosenthal's vessel, and subsequently by Count Zell and Von Henghlin at their own expense, and very important results reached, through which Norwegian fishermen were able to clear, some of them, fifty-seven per cent. over their pecuniary investment, and moreover, to add the most valuable scientific observations, discoveries and surveys to our fund of information. Capt. Koldewey has since expressed himself, in regard to the North Polar expeditions, entirely of the opinion of Capt. Osborn, deeming Smith's Sound as the best route, but I do not believe that he will obtain the money for a German expedition on an English plan which has been rejected by the British authorities but I do not believe that he will obtain the money for a German expedition on an English plan
which has been rejected by the British authorities
themselves, and for which he, moreover, believes
two steamers, fitted out and provided for at least
two years, will be indispensable. Already, during
the second North German expedition, the most
unpleasant difference has arisen between myself
and Capt. Koldewey, through conflicting views,
and these differences are now greater than ever,
as he has adopted the opposite of what I advocated, having gone over to Osborn, and expressed
himself publicly in regard to the eastern half of the
Arctic Sea as follows:

"The attempt to penetrate in a vessel between

Arctic Sea as follows:

"The attempt to penetrate in a vessel between
Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen I consider an undertaking which must end in a total failure, and
I would take part in such an expedition only in
case Dr. Petermann would accompany it in per-

I would take part in such an expedition only in case Dr. Petermann would accompany it in person."

Reasons for this opinion he does not give, but it seems Capt. Koldeway does not think it necessary to give reasons for his views and assertions. How little Capt. Koldewey's opinions are shared by other equally competent, experienced, and scientific men, is shown by the fact that, immediately after the publication of these opinions in May, an expedition left in June for the exploration of the very sea which Capt. Koldewey would choose to visit only in my company, and that his own associate in the previous expedition, the highly distinguished First Lieutenant Julius Payer, of the Austrain army, and that excellent naval officer, Lieut. Weyprecht, undertook it. Compared with Koldewey's last expedition, it would have been unjust to deny to the courage and the scientific fervor of these geutlemen the very highest appreciation, if even they had been less successful. They went with yery poor means while Koldewey had been provided with two of the finest vessels, fitted out luxuriously. He managed to penetrate, during two summers, only to seventy-five degrees thirty-one minutes north, at a third of a degree higher than Clavering forty-seven years ago, and in sleighs only to seventy-five degrees thirty-one minutes north, at a third of a degree higher than Clavering forty-seven years ago, and in sleighs only to seventy-five degrees thirty-one minutes north, and daughter, and others who died of small-pox in 1793, W. Moulton, with others, were brained there. About the year INSQ the remains of most of these were exhumed, and reintered in Mound Cemetery. There were some graves still remaining immediately back of Third aftered as leady to seventy-sight degrees north latinde.

The telegram of Oct, 3, announcing the return of Payer and Weyprecht from the high north to Tronsoe, reads verbally as follows:

"In September, open sea, followed from forty-two degrees to sixty degrees cast of Greenwich, beyond seventy-eight degrees and for

WHOLE NUMBER, 751.

THE OLD ORCHARD.

Brown and bare the trees are standing. In the orchard wide and old; Brown and leafess, unprotected, through the Whiter's pier-cing cold; And among the spreading branches, the wild winds in wrealling meet; And the show, on allegt mission, neatles closely round their feet.

Rough old orchard, tossing up its arms against the cloudy aky.

Many Springs have crowned it brightly, many Winters drifted by—
Glad new years been met with gladness, long decades have risen and set.

Since it tenderly was planted, and it lives in vigor yet.

Brides have worn their crown of blossoms, children come to manhood's strife:

Dear once from the farm house younder, passing out from love and life.

Have been carried through their shedows, to the grave-yard on the hill.

Dreamlessly to lie and slumber, and the old trees flourish still.

Every Spring, these blooming branches furnish pink and snowy wreath

For the golden locks of children, playing on the grass beneath:
And young lovers, walking slovely in the mosnlight and perfume.

Fancy life is all sweet May-time, while Hope pictures fadeless bloom.

And the leaves make sweetest music, as the Snumer bree-Sweetest music round the bird-homes, nestled, coxy, here and there.
Whence arise God's purest praises for His all-protecting care.

gold.
Green and russet, yielded largely, shapes and flavors mani-fold;
And the children come with shouting, and the wagons laden go,
Till the west in sunset splender is agleam with golden glow.

cold.

But a youthful freshness lingers in the trees so rough and old:
Some eyes will their beauty witness, when their Summer greenness waves.
But the samehine warmly blessing them, may kiss our grassy

RESURRECTION OF PLONERES. Remains Removed from an Chio Cemeter, Which was Abandoned Seventy Years Ago.

The City Council recently passed an order for the removal of the remains of persons buried on the ridge just south of Oak Grove Cemetery. This ridge was the site of the first burying ground in Marietta, laid out as a cemetery by the Ohio Com-pany at the foundation of the city, in 1788. It was abandoned as a cemetery about seventy years